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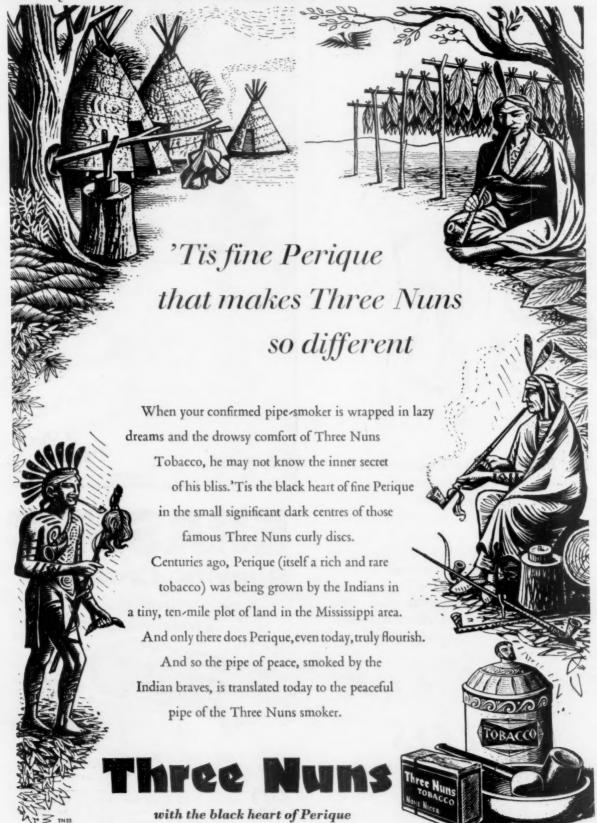
conception of motoring pleasure

To all the grace, space and pace that have made the Mark VII Jaguar admired and desired throughout the world—comes Automatic Transmission—bringing with it a wonderful new driving experience and a restful, effortless command of all the silken performance and supreme flexibility of the

famous XK engine. This Automatic Transmission model, now available for the first time in Britain, has for two years been acknowledged abroad as offering the smoothest, safest and the most silent 2-pedal driving of any car—in any country. Without clutch or gearshift it provides, at the touch of accelerator or brake, the complete answer to town traffic conditions . . . it banishes fatigue from even the longest of journeys, and is at all times the last word in silent efficiency and a revelation in relaxed driving comfort.



PERIQUE - AND THE PIPE OF PEACE





the bristles won't come out!

More and more manufacturers are now going to Harris for all their 'paint' brushes. Why? Because from Harris they get a brush of the right quality and the right price for every industrial job—painting, oiling, greasing, cleaning, dusting, inking, pasting or whatever. We'll be glad to send you literature giving full details of the complete Harris range.

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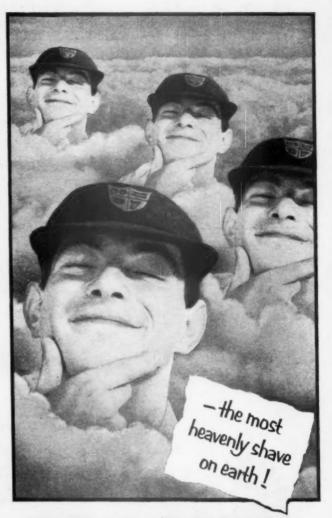
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-PROVE THEMSELVES IN ANY TEST FOR COMFORT!



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ERASMIC STICK IS BRITAIN'S BIGGEST SELLER!—proof that if you like the stick way of shaving you cannot buy a better stick. REFILL $1/2\frac{1}{2}$ HOLDER 2/-



the things they say!

Why did the gateman demand our matches and lighters?

Because some of the chemicals they make here are highly inflammable — and they're not even taking risks with casual visitors like you and me.

I get your point. With all these gases and acids about, it's pretty obvious that there must be a lot of accidents.

Not at all! Take I.C.I. — one of the big companies in the chemical business. They're very keen on Accident Prevention — keep records, in fact, of every mishap that occurs.

Keep them a secret, too, I expect!

Not at all. The figures are published quarterly, and what do you think they show?

Something rather staggering?

Yes, indeed. The average works out at less than one accident for every 100,000 man-hours worked in I.C.I. factories — and 100,000 hours is one man's entire working life.

Yes, but that figure would surely be for serious accidents only.

Wrong again. To I.C.I., 'accident' means any occurrence that keeps a man off any shift beyond the one in which it happened—
a sprained ankle, for instance.

You seem to have it all off pat.

Well, I work for I.C.I. as it happens, and I know that some of our plants have operated for 2,000,000 man-hours without a single accident!



What the

iuice?

Invitation To HILTON HOSPITALITY In Europe



THE CASTELLANA HILTON Madrid, Spain Walter O. Schnyder, manager

300 rooms, many with air-conditioning and private balconies. Magnificent home of the world-famous Rendez vous Supper Room



THE ISTANBUL HILTON

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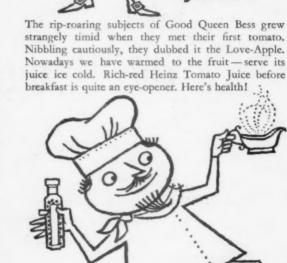
300 heautiful rooms each with balcony overlooking the Bosphorus or gardens. Every luxurious comfort and convenience.



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Even the most ponderous cook has to cut a few capers when he makes a Sauce Tartare. And if he's wise he cuts Heinz Capers - tasty young caper buds to tickle your buds, whether you prefer your capers classically in a piquant sauce, or surreptitiously via a finger in that slim Heinz bottle!

Cut the crackle!

It is one of the 60 CYMA 17-jewel models for Ladies and Gentlemen, from £15 in chrome/steel and from £25 to £85 in solid gold. CYMA navy Star - a masterpiece of Swiss

is NEW! It is the many star watertight . . . yet slim and so elegant

craftsmanship. Its ultra-slim stainless steel case is so designed that faultless watertight sealing is achieved without the bulk usually associated with watertight watches. 17-jewel precision lever movement. Anti-magnetic, Anti-shock.* Price £24.10.0

This particular Cyma

Other watertight models from £21.2.6



system, design-ed to counteract ently seals the

The main sealing material, a new metal alloy, retains its clas-

*Cymaflex - the fully protects the



*ONLY Cyma watches have the Cymaflex anti-shock device - but every CYMA has it. From Good Jewellers everywhere Ask for the Cyma Catalogue.

Cyma for particular people

SEE HOW SLIM THIS WATERTIGHT WATCH IS



Cutting

Capers

Fate has decreed that some things are impossible to chew pianissimo. If you're one of the distinguished company who prefer to take celery on the quiet, Heinz Celery Salt is for you. With cheese, in soups and sauces, or just with bread-and-butter-it gives you wonderful flavour. Pass the Celery Salt. please!







The fittings count such a lot

. . . ask any motorist, whether he drives a revered veteran, the best car in the world, a track-tuned roadster or a home-made special.

The most useful modern metal - Stainless Steel - is being used more and more for motor-car trim and fittings. Stainless Steel is ideal for the job, no peeling or chipping, no polishing, all it requires is a wash with warm soapy water and a rub up with a leather.

If you simply use your car to take you there and back to see how far it is, Stainless Steel trim will turn you into a car-proud discriminating enthusiast.



FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD. SHEFFIELD

"GROSVENOR HOUSE REPUTATION GREATER THAN EVER"

stated Sir Charles Taylor the Chairman, in his Annual Report to Shareholders of Grosvenor House (Park Lane) Limited.

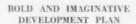
"HE profits for the year," stated Sir Charles, "are up again, although, owing to the continuing rise in operating costs, the net amount is rather disappointing. The Directors have decided to recommend the same ordinary dividend of 10 per cent as last year, plus a bonus of 5 per cent. Business in all departments is again better than ever before, but during the last financial year, the ever increasing upward spiral of wages and costs has certainly not been halted, and will in fact continue to plague us during this present year.

A lot of money has been spent on maintenance and on special works in public rooms. We have received many compliments on our new Cocktail Bar, the decoration and air-conditioning

of the Ballroom, and the new look of the Lounge.

A private banqueting suite has been created, furnished elaborately in late French Empire Style, and for small dinner parties I believe that there is no better in any hotel in the world.

The whole of the cost of these works has been written off out of profits.



We are now in the process of building 90 more bedrooms

and two more suites on the site of 35 Park Street. The plans include the building and equipping of a Goods Off-Loading Bay, which will relieve Park Street of more than 130 goods vehicles a day. It will also increase the space available for cars in our private courtyard, and the drive in and out will then be far more



A corner of the cocktail bar.



The new banqueting suite.

convenient. The whole plan which includes enlarging and partly resiting the wine cellars, kitchen stores, linenroom, etc. is bold and imaginative. From the client's point of view it will make the service better still, minimize noise, and provide one of the finest entrances by road to any hotel in London.

The reputation of Grosvenor House is now greater than ever."





PLAN A DIFFERENT HOLIDAY IN MALTA LATER THIS YEAR

With its warm Mediterranean climate, Malta is a fascinating place for a holiday from October to March. Things are cheaper (cigarettes 1/9 for 20) and travel allowances are unnecessary for Malta is in the Sterling Area. The Hotel Phoenicia is one of Europe's best. And travel agents here are co-operating with BEA to offer this superb value-for-money holiday.

Special offer!

10 days 'all-in' at the Hotel

Phoenicia, flying BEA Elizabethan

there and back, only

inclusive, from London (from October 1st)

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Power and grace . . .

The Sunbeam has won its laurels the hard way—in the heat and strain of gruelling International Rallies. Year after year Sunbeam has scored success after success . . . proof enough of power and dependability of a high order. Yet this outstanding car has gentle road manners and is generous in the comfort it offers you.

£835 (P.T. £418.17.0).

Overdrive, White-wall Tyres and Overriders available as extras.



Supreme
SUNBEAM
Mark III sports saloon

A ROOTES PRODUCT



O reasons were given for Colonel Nasser's rejection of that first, short Foreign Office note; but as all it did was to say that Egypt's action in taking over the Suez Canal Company was "a serious threat to the freedom of navigation on a waterway of vital international importance" it seems likely that he was waiting to be told something he didn't know already.

Not Fooling Anybody

It is sad to see that the bluff persuasiveness which endeared Dr. Charles Hill in his old radio doctor days has been crushed out of him by the cares of Postmaster-Generalship. On at least two points concerning his new national gambling machine, recently displayed to the Press, he brought no plausibility to bear whatever. Giving its official title as the Electronic Random Number Indicator Equipment he added that



"luckily" this could be shortened to ERNIE—as if everyone doesn't know, after PLUTO and FIDO, that the scientist's predominant consideration in naming any elaborate device is a cosy abbreviability (it might as easily have been a British Automatic Bond Selector, luckily reducible to BABS). Then again, how ingenuous to pretend a proud wonder at the inspired haphazardness of its number-picking technique—as if everyone doesn't take it for granted that its operation is based on the working of any ordinary telephone exchange.

Let Us Play

NEWSPAPER reports and photographs showed that when the Rev. D. S.

Sheppard preached his mid-Test sermon at St. Botolph's, Barton Seagrave, the church was crowded with newspaper reporters and photographers.

Reprisal

MR. Macleod's hint that a valuable breathing-space in the car industry dispute would be afforded by the workers' annual holiday seems to have been missed entirely by managements. If they had acted at once and issued instructions to directors and executives they could have had pickets on all the boarding-houses from Aberystwyth and Pwllheli on one coast to Cromer and Mablethorpe on the other.

Walk This Way

FORTHCOMING dress styles, says a morning paper expert, will concentrate on "interesting rear views"; in fact "Follow Me fashions are going to be the thing this autumn." That is, if the Home Secretary still doesn't act.

War on the Air

Managements everywhere will have welcomed reports that a new daily serial is under consideration by the B.B.C. to "do for industry what the Archers have done for agriculture." No doubt



the scripts will be prepared in close liaison with the Minister of Labour, containing effective episodes in which young Jack goes without breakfast to get to work on time and old Dad talks his pal Fred out of slipping away to a midweek football match. The danger is that I.T.A. would lose no time launching a rival series, the scripts prepared in

close liaison with the President of the T.U.C.

Freeze Wanted

SMALL investors are delighted with the news that the Tenth Issue of National Savings Certificates, now on sale, will consist of fifteen-shilling units whose value in seven years will be a pound. They would have been quite satisfied with the news that their value in seven years would be fifteen shillings.

Manners Makyth Mechanization

ALTHOUGH surprised motorists in Connecticut caused a traffic jam when an automatic machine collecting their toll road fees said "Thank you. Hope you had a pleasant trip," the existence



of such a well-bred mechanism should be regarded as a triumph for the proautomationists. It was natural, in this ill-mannered age, that people should be momentarily rooted to the spot by its courtesy, but that phase will pass. In time, when machines are setting a standard of polite behaviour everywhere, and little children are taken to watch them and learn the proper way to do things, it will all be accepted as a matter of course . . . even to the inevitable angry letters to the papers complaining that the parking-meters along Brighton front are getting slack, and accepting coins with a grunt and no attempt to raise their hats.

Hope Springs Eternal

GALES that took July out like a lion will be remembered not only for the

damage they did but for the unassailable optimism of the British farmer, one of whom, facing reporters on a flattened wheatfield, said "The corn will require an easterly hurricane to blow it upright again."

Man of Iron

Mr. STASSEN, says the Daily Telegraph's Washington correspondent, remained "curiously unruffled" by the failure of his attempt to get rid of



Vice-President Nixon. In the ordinary way, politicians whose projects collapse go about hollow-eyed and with their hair uncombed, wringing their hands and telling everybody what flops they are.

For That Holiday Friendship

READERS of the Daily Sketch learning that a red-haired, hundred-foot-long sea-monster, with nine-inch eye-sockets in a head six feet wide and a movable upper jaw protruding five and a half feet has been washed up "on a lonely shore in the Gulf of Alaska" are saying that it couldn't have chosen a better place.

Fee-Fi-Fo-Fumble

CHILLING stories of reviving Ku Klux Klan meetings and rituals come from America's southern states, where once more the sinister hooded shapes are assembling to burn their fiery crosses and indict their luckless victims. Reports that one robed and masked member described Mr. Eisenhower as a "low-down scoundrel" suggest, however, that the Klan's script-writers aren't back in the groove yet.

The Dark is Light Enough

William Willett, inventor of Daylight Saving, born August 10, 1856.

THERE was a time, dear William, we were grateful

To have those extra minutes in the day.

Without the bore of rising any earlier We had another hour for work or play . . .

Poor William, your achievement lies in tatters:

When you've the telly, daylight hardly matters.

GAINING IN STATURE

Thas been well said that "men make measures, not measures men," and it may be taken for granted that the fundamental truth of that statement is being kept very clearly, if vaguely, in mind by those whose responsibility it is to deal with what has been aptly termed "the current crisis" in the Middle East.

Some ill-informed, and in some cases nearly malevolent, commentators in the foreign press have attempted to construe the recent statement from No. 10 Downing Street, together with Front Bench speeches in the House of Commons, as being in some sense an expression of the considered view of the British Government. It is of course far too early for that.

After all, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Gaitskell and his followers will continue to maintain in relation to this issue the same attitude of cautious vigour as in the past, the alleged "complications" in what Our Military Correspondent in his trenchant article on this page to-day describes as the "strategic triangle Bandung-Nasser-Bagdad" are, while essentially complex, at the same time fundamentally simple.

It follows—and if anyone has doubted it in the past, the speech, at once provocative and conciliatory, of the Afghan Minister in Belgrade should remove all dubiety from the situation beyond a peradventure—that Britain's course in this emergency is crystal clear.

The Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition, the Secretary of the Suez Canal Company and the Captain of the *Pinafore*, all of whom have gained mightily in stature during these trying days, have all very properly declined to fall into the trap laid by those who in and out of season demand to know—as though such knowledge were theirs of right—what on earth precisely is going

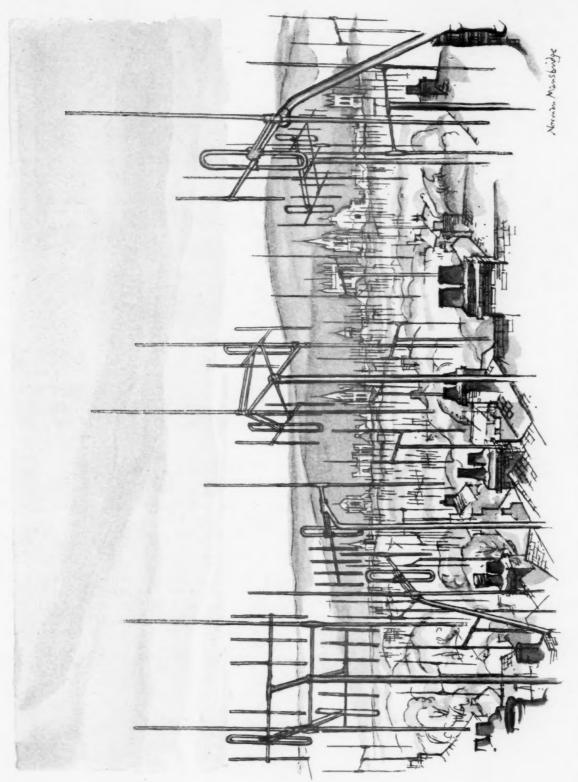
And in this they have had the whole-hearted support of a press which, despite occasional irresponsibilities, has once again demonstrated to the world that when we in Britain speak of "freedom of the press" we do not mean that information of importance—such as who is actually doing what to whom and who is paying—should be bandied about. Fleet Street is not an Oriental Bazaar—a fact which Colonel Nasser would do well to bear in mind.

That the leaders of the Arab States are desperate men, fully aware of their essentially weak position, is clear to anyone who takes the trouble to look at recent events in perspective. What better proof of weakness and desperation could one ask than the expulsion of Glubb Pasha (as he then was) from Jordan? The Jordanian hot-heads have already found to their cost that in assuming control of the Arab Legion they have lost invaluable public support everywhere from Tonbridge Wells to Bognor Regis, not to mention our many friends farther west.

The loss of Abadan and Trinidad, while grievous, was essentially a gain to British interests since, by permitting the Americans to acquire a large share of the control and profits of the oilfields, it may well have done something to stem the tide of isolationism in the United States. For let us never forget that this is the year of a Presidential election—a year, that is to say, in which, while we can, as always, rely on prompt and energetic support from our American friends, we cannot necessarily expect them to follow any particular line of action.

Meantime it is good to know that Ministers are standing by. The news will do much to hearten our many friends in Anatolia. C. C.





The Dreaming Spires



"I say! You don't suppose we've both been championing the honour of the same lady, do you?"

Pyramus and Thisbe

Characters:

Mrs. Leblanc .. Wife of a circus-menagerie proprietor.

Mr. Dupont . . An unsuccessful fishmonger. Pyramus Leblanc Mrs. Leblanc's son.

Mr. Dupont's daughter.

THISBE DUPONT . . A LION TAMER

ESMERALDA .. A trapeze artiste.

MRS. DUPONT .. Mr. Dupont's wife.

MR. LEBLANC .. Mrs. Leblanc's husband.

A circus-menagerie. Mrs. Leblane's tent, and a few sideshows. A Friday evening in summer. Background noises of camels, white-handed gibbons, myna birds, and leopards. In the tent, Mrs. Leblane and Mr. Dupont are embracing, etc.

MRS. LEBLANC: I have been true to you in secret for thirtyfive years, my darling Leon, but the day will dawn when my husband begins to question the advisability of twin beds.

MR. DUPONT: And I to you for thirty-one. Never for an instant have your noble breasts been absent from my thoughts. My wife, poor soul, has never once suspected, for I tell her everything, and she regards me as a stupendous liar.

MRS. LEBLANC: You tell her everything?

By J ** N A N * * * L H

Mr. DUPONT: Down to the smallest detail.

Mrs. Leblanc: The mole upon my——?

Mr. Dupont: Yes.

Mrs. Leblanc: What an exquisite situation!—Listen! They're playing our tune!

The steam-organ on a merry-go-round has started up, playing "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." Ah, that magical first meeting! Do you remember? They dance.

MR. DUPONT: Of course. I entered the ladies' powder-room in the Moulin Rouge by some mischance, and there you were. My wife was in bed with a slight cold at the time.

Mrs. Leblanc: And my husband with two of the maids.

Love burst upon us like the answer to a dubious conundrum.

MR. DUPONT: Is my waxed moustache scratching you at all, my pet?

MRS. LEBLANC: Yes, it's heaven. I can't dance any more, though, I'm too fat. It's a great comfort to know you love me so tenderly despite the fact that my—what was it you used to call them?

MR. DUPONT: Globes of untrammelled delight.

Mrs. Leblanc: Yes. Although my what-you-said are now as unmanageable as socks filled with lard, and a great nuisance in the bath. MR. DUPONT: I relish conversation about bosoms.

Mrs. Leblanc: We all do. Particularly the debs' escorts in the stalls. Their masculine titters tend to keep me going.

MR. DUPONT: Of course, I also adore you because your husband is the proprietor of this circus-menagerie, and may die at any moment. What a comfortable tent this is!

MRS. LEBLANC: Such a pity we can't all live in it together.

MR. DUPONT: You mean, a menagerie à quatre?

Mrs. Leblanc: Exactly! Oh, bite me again, Leon, but close the flaps, there's someone coming.

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, hand in hand. He is showing her the sideshows.

THISBE: And what's in there, Pyramus?

PYRAMUS: Oh, the strangest creature imaginable—half man, half woman, and very, very sweet. I love it dearly.

THISBE: I shall stab myself through the heart—you have made me jealous.

PYRAMUS: Oh, what a dear little silly you are, Thisbe! (He turns a cartwheel.)

THISBE: Is the top half a man?

Pyramus: Certainly not.

THISBE (after a moment's thought): That's all right, then. (She puts away her dagger.) And what's in here?

Pyramus: A very savage lion. He never smiles at all. I think l.e's horrid.

THISBE: What a familiar smell he has! Does he gobble people up?

PYRAMUS: Only Christians, and never on a Friday.

THISBE: To prove that you will love nobody but me until you die, you must release the lion from its cage.

Pyramus: How logical you are! Oh, Thisbe, your bed and yours alone is the bed for me. It's lumpy, I admit, but no other bed turns in the small hours into a perfumed chariot, transporting me on pneumatic tyres up to the gates of Paradise and beyond.

THISBE: How do you know? Have you tried? Pyramus: Oh, what a little goose you are! THISBE: Will you love me through eternity?

Pyramus: At the very least. Bearing in mind, naturally, that love doesn't last.

THISBE: Naturally.

THISBE: And what's in this tent?

Pyramus: The most formidable creature in the whole menagerie. A great fat cow, with ginger hair, a wart, perpetual flatulence, and a flair for skinning eels. Born in Normandy, of course. I love her dearly.

THISBE: Your mother?

Pyramus: Yes.

THISBE: I think I'm going to be sick.

Pyramus: Splendid. In the meantime I will go in and tell her that I wish to marry you. Don't come in until you hear me screaming. (He goes into the tent.)

Enter a LION TAMER.

THISBE: Thank God you've come—I'm bored to tears. (Embraces him.)

LION TAMER: I beg your pardon.

THISBE: Do you promise to love me when I'm seventy-four? LION TAMER: Yes, and my wife too, damn and blast her, for I am very vigorous and cursed with a romantic nature. Your bosoms are like tangerines.

THISBE: I know. But why are you here, exactly?

LION TAMER: I have to announce that a savage lion has escaped, and is skulking through the park towards the cemetery.

THISBE: I'll announce that for you. Go now. I'll see you to-night—and don't forget your whip.

The LION TAMER goes. Pyramus comes out of the tent, with a black eye.

Oh, my poor, brave Pyramus! Did she give her consent? Pyramus: Refused point-blank. Says I wouldn't know what to do, and love doesn't last. Oh, she won't hear of it. By the way, your father's in there, too, in his combinations. He says he'd like to see you.

THISBE: How extraordinary! Is your mother holding a conversazione?

Pyramus: It wouldn't surprise me. Come, kiss me once more, your bosoms are like—er—let me see—treeripened peaches against the south wall of a château in Provence. And now, in you go and beg your father's



"I like to have it on for 'Music While You Work'."

permission. Explain that I will eat hyoscine hydrobromide if he refuses.

THISBE: Have you got enough?

PYRAMUS: Yes, plenty, thanks. I will also slash my wrists and make things generally unpleasant all round. THISBE bites his neck and goes into the tent. Enter a

TRAPEZE ARTISTE wearing spangles and long gloves. She tuts her hands over Pyramus's eyes from behind.

Don't tell me. Mimi?

TRAPEZE ARTISTE: No. PYRAMUS: Henriette? TRAPEZE ARTISTE: No.

Pyramus: The Duke of Arbulois-du-Clos?

TRAPEZE ARTISTE: No.

Pyramus: What are your bosoms like?

TRAPEZE ARTISTE: Tree-ripened peaches against the south wall of a château.

Pyramus: In Provence? TRAPEZE ARTISTE: Yes.

Pyramus: Esmeralda! My angel!

They go into the lion's cage, and are absent for about five minutes, while the steam-organ plays "Pale Hands I Loved." When they come out again a lot of her spangles have rubbed off.

ESMERALDA: Swear you will love me until the cows come

PYRAMUS: How could we ever doubt us? Our love is as heavenly and precious to me as the very last spoonful of a zabaglione.



ESMERALDA: That doesn't last long.

PYRAMUS: My dear girl, I may be only fifteen, but life has taught me that the last spoonful must never be eaten. Go now, your knees excite me, and I am in the middle of some delicate negotiations.

ESMERALDA (dreamily): My husband is having an affaire with the girl who wrestles with the snakes. What can she see

in him?

PYRAMUS: It sounds very obvious to me. She bites his ear, and goes. (Calling): See you to-night.

THISBE comes out of the tent. THISBE: It's no good, Pyramus, my heart is broken. Papa says marriage is a three-legged race with only one set of

contestants. Nobody can win, and somebody's bound to sprain his ankle,

Pyramus: I can't make head or tail of that.

THISBE: Neither can I, but it is a law of nature that one must never argue with aphorisms, parables, or long humorous speeches explaining life in terms of some ludicrous pastime or other.

PYRAMUS: At this stage we had better elope.

THISBE (clapping her hands): Oh, what a lark it all is! We must meet at midnight in the cemetery.

PYRAMUS: Why there?

THISBE: Cypresses by Oliver Messel.

Pyramus: Adorable! Till midnight, then. At the moment I have another appointment.

THISBE: So have I. They pull up the tent pegs, and exeunt separately. The tent collapses.

CURTAIN

EPILOGUE

A cemetery. Midnight. In the distance sounds of music and gaiety from the circus-menagerie, ironic ma non troppo. THISBE is sitting on a tombstone. She is wearing a scarf, for it has turned chilly.

Enter the LION TAMER, with blood on his hands.

LION TAMER: I have killed the lion. Are you doing anything

THISBE: I am to elope with Pyramus, and he's an absolute pain in the neck. Oh, if only you knew how I loved him! They embrace. Her scarf falls to the ground. Will you love me always, too?

LION TAMER: Yes. Elope with me instead. I happen to

have a bag packed.

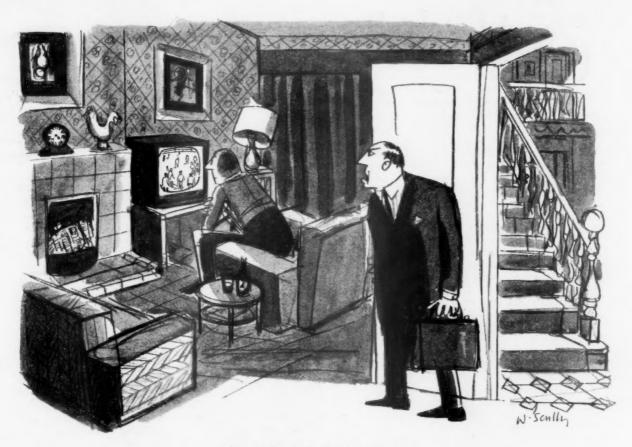
THISBE: Poor Pyramus! I'm afraid he will be perturbed by this turn of events. Let us go behind a tree and make arrangements.

LION TAMER: By all means. They go behind a tree. Enter Pyramus. He sees the scarf.

Pyramus: Thisbe's scarf! And bloodstained! Oh, what a tiresome girl-she's gone and killed herself for love of me! However, it's a merciful escape. I couldn't have borne to be tied to such a sweet, doting, harmless, simple creature all my life. Not even for a fortnight, if it comes to that. I will always love her, of course, but I can think of lots of women I'd sooner be unfaithful to than Thisbe. (Calling off): All right, darling-the coast's clear!

Enter ESMERALDA.

Will you be unfaithful to me, and only me, for ever and ever?



"I said 'Congratulations, it's a boy."

ESMERALDA (yawning): For ever and ever and ever. I love you to distraction.

Pyramus: Things are turning out pretty well, on the whole.

Let us lie on this grassy bank, and hope for the best.

They lie on a grassy bank, so far over to the side of the stage that the people in the three side seats at one end of the front row of the Dress Circle can't see them at all, and have wasted thirteen and sixpence each.

Enter THISBE and the LION TAMER.

THISBE (seeing Pyramus): Oh, my poor devoted Pyramus has taken poison! Can you smell hyoscine hydrobromide?

LION TAMER (sniffing): No, but there's a lot of cheap perfume about somewhere.

THISBE: There always is. That's half the fun of life. Listen! They're playing our tune!

The steam-organ plays "Tip-toe Through the Tulips." They go off, hand in hand.

MRS. LEBLANC and MR. DUPONT cross from L. to R., whispering sweet nothings. Then, surprisingly enough, MRS. DUPONT and MR. LEBLANC cross from R. to L., similarly engaged.

CURTAIN

Artistic Circles

Sir Gerald Kelly has disclosed that Cézanne once told him: "It is very hard to make apples round."

HEAVILY breathing garlic, an old man painfully grapples

With an unsuspected problem of Post-Impressionist art—

How to achieve the outlines of a group of still-life apples . . .

Later his lack of technique would have only seemed smart.

So many artists to-day deny an apple's rotundity,

Finding triangular shapes in the delicate curves of a pear—

Persuading themselves and the world of their own artistic profundity

By looking at circular objects and painting them square.

ANTHONY BRODE

America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

T always happens. Just as one is feeling happy and saying to oneself that it is not a bad little world after all, along comes something to take the joy out of life. This news from Washington, D.C., for instance. It seems that for many years it has been the practice of members of the United States Congress to go into the House restaurant, order a cup of coffee and reach out and grab slices of bread and butter, for which until recently there was no charge. So for the price of a cup of coffee they were able to fill themselves to the brim with nourishing food and go back to the debate with that cosy feeling of being ahead of the game. This has now been changed. The lawgiver who wants bread will have to pay for it, and it is not too much to say that consternation reigns. These starchy food aficionados get only \$22,500 annually, so they have to keep a watchful eye on the budget, and if they pay out good money for a cut off the loaf it throws the whole thing out of gear. It is not unusual for visitors to Washington these days to find themselves stopped in the street by President Eisenhower and asked if they can spare a dime. "My Congressmen are crying for bread," he

The great thing in America now is the Do-It-Yourself craze. If you want the kitchen sink mended or a kennel run up for the household dog, do it yourself is the slogan. The movement has now extended to literary criticism.

The great objection writers have always had to criticism done by outside critics is that they are too often fobbed off with a "Quite readable" or even a "8½, 233 pp," which, they feel, do not do complete justice to their work. Getting the Do-It-Yourself spirit, the author of a recently published novel starts off with a Foreword in which he says (in part):

This book is a major work of prose, powerful, moving, trenchant, full of colour, crackling with wit, wisdom and humour, not to mention a rare gift for narrative and characterization perhaps never before equalled. It is a performance which stands alone and unequalled among the books of the world.

The book, by the way, is the story of the life of Mona Lisa and is to be published in nine volumes. The first—just out—consists of 1,267 pages, and at the end of p. 1,267 Mona Lisa has not yet been born. But one feels that she is bound to be, sooner or later, and when she is, watch for the interest to quicken.

America's national sport, beefing about delays on the Long Island Railroad, has taken a new turn. Hitherto, commuters who have been held up en route for varying lengths of time by engine trouble, spreading rails, waterspouts and other Acts of God have been content to write stiff letters to the papers about it, but now there has been a hardening in their attitude. train having taken it easy the other day for an hour and a half while the engine driver got off to gather a nosegay of wild flowers, Messrs. George R. Champness, Thomas J. Donnelly, Alfred E. Ochmer and Joseph C. Zoha wrote to the management that "the gnawing pangs hunger and thirst brought the resolution among us that something must be done. Two of our group were dispatched to a grocery store to obtain sandwiches and drinks and to try to telephone our homes," and they accompanied their letter with an itemized bill:

Approximate value of 75	S
minutes overtime	40
Anxiety and suspense	10,000
Aggravation of ulcer con-	20,000
dition	5,000
Possible heart and lung	-,
strain due to running	
to and from the store	5,000
Cost of cleaning suits	-,
(spilled food and	
liquids)	6
General disgust	10,000
Ruined meals at home	40
Losses incurred due to	
prolonged card game	1.55
Four sandwiches	2
Eight beers	1.28
Telephone calls	.40
Grand Total	30,091.23

They added that they were prepared to settle for \$3.68.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Garner H. Helverson, soloist in the choir at the Plymouth Congregational Church, of Fargo, North Dakota, is weighing this against that, wondering what she ought to sing next Sunday. Last Sunday, just as she was rendering "Bless These Walls So Firm and Stout," there was a crashing sound and two of the walls fell in, together with most of the ceiling. Choir singers cannot be too careful in their selections.

That seems to be all this week, except that a letter from Stockholm addressed to "Miss Greta Garbo, United States of America," was returned stamped "Receiver unknown in U.S.A."; while in Detroit a Mr. Eddie Williams, meeting three men in a bar, took them home to watch the Late Movie on his television set. He went to sleep, and woke at 4.30 to finds that his friends had left, taking with them the television set.

They probably thought they were doing him a kindness.

"PART OF M.P. IN EISTEDDFOD

ALL-WELSH RULE"

Daily Telegraph

Proportional representation.



ROY DAVIS



"Come along, Mr. Whitelaw—just because you made a mistake about what sort of a party it was, there's no need to be shy."

Travel Broadens the Market

By R. G. G. PRICE

NE of the saddest features of modern life has been the conquest of Travel Books by Literature. In the old days burly ex-suitors tried to forget and, by thorough accounts of their methods, to help others to forget too. Details of animals killed, natives laughed over and dangers overcome helped clerks on the open tops of horse-trams to forget their weak chests and pimples, boys lying stomach down on rugs to forget the day's beatings, and statesmen enjoying cautious cigars in country-house bedrooms to forget the sugar duties. All the author had to do was to take the reader plodding across country with him:

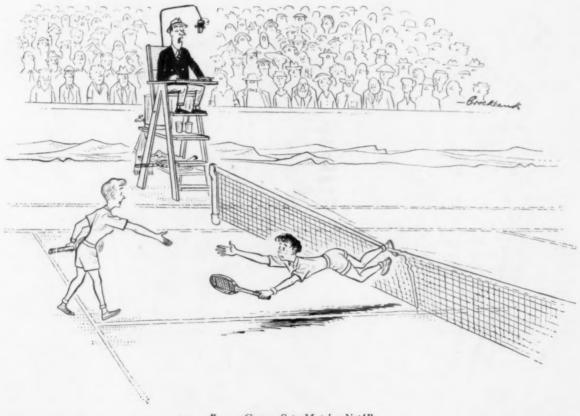
I stirred up M'W with my toe and he soon had the pot boiling merrily while the Bearers did their Waking Dance and I puffed my pipe and thought myself as much Monarch of all I surveyed as Robinson Crusoe on his island or the doctor rolling out the grand periods of Homer or Virgil in Upper Bench. Before me was a lofty range of mountains that I named after our Gracious Princess the Marchioness of Lorne. To the south, from which I had gained my present camp, was impenetrable jungle. Emerging from the trees that lay ahead came the roars of wild beasts that would (I trusted!) provide sport for my guns and sustenance for my inner man during the day's march . . .

The first departure from pure spectatorship came probably with the Aristocratic Radicals, the far-flung successors of Meredith's Beauchamp. At great physical cost they fought to make the Natives fight the Government.

The key-note of this kind of travel writing is involvement:

Although I was still suffering from my mission to K'Raka's kraal, I dragged myself back into the saddle as soon as I heard that the old scoundrel Tw'u was trying to get poor old Chief M'Slopagus to redraft the last clause of the Petition. When I rode up to Tw'u's hut I was very firm: "See here, you son of an Abyssinian gloopbeeste, am I not the friend of the Yoku people and is not my brother the Little Yak treating me like an Aunt?" (Among the ridge tribes the Aunt is held in low esteem.)

He could not meet my eye and mumbled something about a Holy Man. I smelt the hand of the missionaries in this. Unless I could convince the leaders of the Northern Confederacy that the question of Axe-Duty must not



". . . Game, Set, Match-Net!"



"She bit me."

be separated from the demand for a Proportional Referendum, the District Councils would fall under clerical control and all hope of twisting the tail of the Colonial Office would be gone. Bleeding from exhaustion, I set my horse to a gallop . . .

* * * * * *

The seeker for oblivion concentra

The seeker for oblivion concentrated on the country, the seeker for rights and wrongs on the people, but the next main type of travel writer concentrated on himself. Intelligently amused at his inappropriateness, he based his itinerary on his expectation of predicaments:

A spirit stove in Outer Khazbaristan seems to be more open to diabolic possession than it would be in North Kensington. The mules sneered at me as I tried hitting it with a lump of bluish rock. Nothing seemed to do it much good. Mr. Goodness-Gracious Hui had finished doing something vaguely impertinent to Mrs. Pankhurst's

tyres and was now busily building thornbushes into a fire and cooking our evening meal. I sat back on my haunches, feeling that my daily wrestling with the stove had gone far enough.

Over a curious sort of casseroled marmot, decorated by Mr. Goodness-Gracious Hui with angelica (I suppose I must have told him it was my birthday), I looked at my only map; I had surreptitiously torn it out of a school text-book in the Legation at Damascus, and the scale was 800 miles to the inch. It seemed time for Mrs. Pankhurst to experience something rather more aquatic than the plateau, and I decided that the old gadabout should have some stepping-stones.

* * * * *

One of the next developments was that Travellers began to write prose. Things seen were compared a good deal to other things and also prompted excessively general reflections. Remote places succeeded the country-house party as the home of associative thinking:

The red pumice, like stalagmites without a cave, spears up in cold sharpness, each facet scalpel-sharp; there is a damask of moss between, as discreet as a bedel's cap. The abrupt sunlight spoons mimosa-yellow dust from the fretted ruts and probes obscenely into the jellied eyes of horses. At the ankles of the hills the heat flagellates the northern plainsman, teaching him that sea-level is no longer a respectable mean but the ultimate of exposure and subjection. Greek poets no more believed in a level sea than German geophysicists do in a flat earth; but in the temperate zone the symbol of congruence between matter and mind is the spirit-level. Discussing the plumb-line, Ugutio

Recently, the wonder of remote places has begun to give way to very authoritative re-examinations of the kind of town visited on the Grand Tour. After all, in the Yemen or Bolivia there is a limit to the range of *civilized* knowledge one can display:

I always approach from the northwest: from that direction you place Bernotti's campanile and Trittore's spire for San Paulo in alignment and can balance the hedonistic against the moralistic in the treatment of brick. I paused at the top of the Via Orlando to examine the white-washed, oddly Slovene-looking villa where Edith Wharton dined with the original of Peter Quint and, before turning into the Piazza Giuliano, ate scampi alla Giolitti (uncooked and pounded in partridge stock) at the trattoria which stands on the site of the forge where Dante's father used to have his horse shod: one requires a less Umbrian frame of mind to look at Tessaria's arcades than is consonant with the quarter previously traversed. Before allowing the eye its freedom among that marvellous strictness of interlacing ellipses, I examined the pediment of number fifteen, one of the three best examples of weathered ashlar that have survived from the first Napoleonic occupation. Swinging round to accept—or deny?—the dome of Sta. Maria della Maria, I mourned, with a quotation from Leconte de Lisle, that I was now eighteen. There is only one way to see the retable in Purolino's Baptistery . . .

Possibly as a reaction from this kind of thing, there has developed the Planned Operation, whether for scaling a peak or observing Wild Life:

Once our electricity supply was established and we were able to carry the power from the Falls by cable to Post 12, we moved into the next phase.

Here the problem was to grid the iguana tracks with invisible rays so that the direction and speed of the animals under investigation could be electronically recorded and firm statistics made available. Recognizing the amount of stooping involved in siting the cathode-tubes, I increased the amount of vitamin P concentrate in the diet and also gave orders that all personnel subjected to stooping should hang from branches for five minutes night and morning before health parade. Owing to the proximity of lions, which would have confused the records, perhaps irreparably, I instructed squads 3 and 4 to clear the scrub of them. "Bunchy" Wildmew volunteered to keep the tracks free of intrusive invertebrates. The problem of the vertical emergence of reptiles was never satisfactorily solved and the best we could do was to keep the entire area under continuous photography and then correct the figures for reptiles filmed. Owing to the confusion of birdsong on the sound-tracks, I detailed Squad 6 to eject from the area . . .

Literary prediction is dangerous.
Rather doubtfully I suggest that the next phase will be extrovert adventure.
Endurance will spread from prison camps and the sea to the land. In a tighter economy the lowbrow virtues will flourish:

Smirker and I beached the raft at Varangeville, pretty certain that the Customs had not spotted us. We scaled up the cliffs and let a couple of Cadillacs go past before we dared thumb a lift. A lime-carrier let us lie in the back of his van. He was surly but he had certainly let us lie in the back of his van. We emerged at a town called Rouen and here there were a packet of vehicles, but we did not find one that offered us a lift which our previous good Samaritan had certainly done however far he fell short on the social side. We saw there was a river at Rouen and wished we had still got our raft. We did not want to waste time hanging about here and began walking along the road when a truck came along that gave us a lift in the direction of Paris. We had decided to make for this town owing to the wide choice of transport likely to be found there. Smirker had his gazoo and the journey passed quite fast . . .





The Grandfather's Complaint

A Broadsheet Ballad

WHEN I was ten years old And Grandfather would complain To me and my two brothers— Would angrily maintain:

That beer was not so hearty,
Nor such good songs sung,
Nor bread baked so wholesome
As when himself was young

As when himself was young, Nor youth so respectful,

We made no contradiction, Though Grandfather was mistaken— Or we held that conviction. Now fifty years have passed, But when likewise I complain To my three rude young grandsons,

And angrily maintain That beer is not so hearty, Nor such good songs sung,

Nor bread baked so wholesome As when myself was young, Nor youth so respectful,

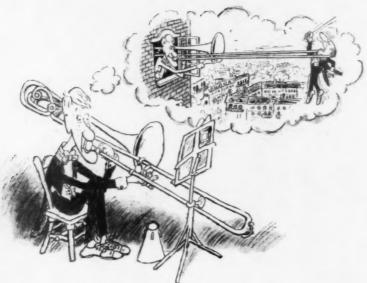
I meet with contradiction— Though with fact, and solid fact, To support my conviction. You may call me a liar, Grandchildren, without fear . . . Yet ask your nearest brewer If he still brews honest beer,

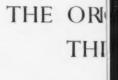
Or ask your nearest baker
If he still bakes honest bread,

Then come back here to-morrow To tell me what they said; Or sing me whatever

You may think is still a song, And I'll make no contradiction But leave you in the wrong.

ROBERT GRAVES









HESTRA IKS

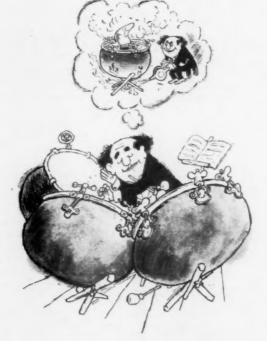












Names

By CLAUD COCKBURN

B^{IG} annoyance and irk was caused to famed novelist and playwright Graham Greene when people started telephoning him the other day to say he had been killed in Assam, a scant half-hour—they told him—after his release from the local lock-up.

"Shot while trying to escape" was the phrase employed, and it certainly gave our author a nasty jolt. Nobody wants to be a victim of that type of thing.

Whether this was the case or not, incontrovertible must be the fact that the other G.G. had a horrible time moving here and there in Assam, unable to order a drink without someone coming up to him and asking would he speak a small lecture to the local

elements on any subject ranging from Life to Death, though not too far beyond.

By ill-chance the situation on this particular occasion was (according to a local News Agency) that Mr. Greene's companions in Assam happened to be two men whose mothers—and who shall blame them?—had christened them Wystan and Bert.

"And to think," shouted a failed teaplanter as the rain thundered down on the tin-roof with a sound which brought to him all the anguish of a failed teaparty in Metroland, "that Auden and Brecht are now at one with our one, our only Graham." (Before failing in tea he had failed as a compère of variety shows. He could see it all, and it made him feel like a man in love with all the world when one of those tea-plant bugs with bitter little names, like those of English villages engulfed in open-cast mining, puts the bite on him.)

It was, the reports say, at this point that Graham "tried to escape."

His cry "They've got the wrong man!" was not original. Indeed in newspaper offices and places where Names Make Libels it is aboriginal, and has been ever since Benjamin Disraeli was, as every schoolboy knows, savagely attacked in a section of the Radical Press for acts committed by a man called B. (for Bernard) Disraeli. Benjamin had a complete alibi from the Khedive of Egypt and a man from Rothschilds.

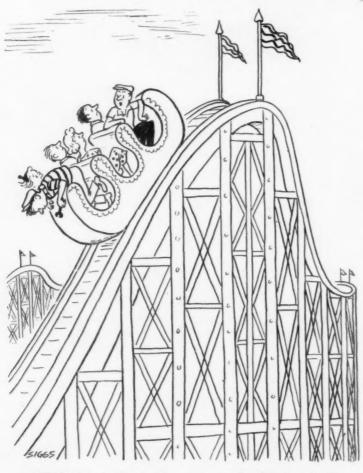
And it should be on record that among the reasons why we didn't win the war even quicker was that owing to confusion at Head Office many of the urgent orders supposed to have been sent to Andrew B. Cunningham, Admiral of the Fleet, went instead to A. G. Cunningham, at that time General Officer Commanding Northern Ireland, but were intercepted by a clever Signals Officer and redirected to A. D. Cunningham, a retired Air Commodore living, according to what the Signals man could gather from Who's Who, at Bentley Way, Stanmore, Middlesex.

Some of these ended up with Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Dacres Cunningham who was Allied Naval Commander, Mediterranean.

A somewhat malign man I used to know—but broke with, on the ground of his association with extremists—had a plan for undermining everything by means of what he had the impudence to dub a Realistic Use of Nomenclature.

Repeatedly changing their names by deed poll, he and his associates started their campaign by writing a letter to an opinion-moulding newspaper in the North, signed with the name of a Director of the Bank of England, saying "Little as is my knowledge of, or interest in, finance, I must, as a constant student of your columns..."

It was a blow, when the American papers got hold of it (and before the denials could get into print), from which —I have always understood—the pound sterling never recovered.



"That's the noise I mean, Joe-surely you heard it that time?"



Sometimes they deemed it more prudent to deal with the American newspapers direct, and everyone can remember the furore caused when one of the Chicago papers published a long cable drawing attention to the impending birthday of Picasso and signed Munnings.

The case of the two Winston Churchills has long stood as a warning against this sort of thing to which more attention ought to have been paid while there was still time. It was the more confusing because one of them wrote The Celebrity, Richard Carvel and The Dwelling Place of Light, among other works, and the other—starting, mind you, in exactly the same year—came out with The Story of the Malakaland Field Force, Savrola and Liberalism and the Social Problem, among other works.

The only way to face up to situations of this kind is to adopt the sensible custom of the Welsh (which is not only pleasing to novelists and such-like because humorous and colourful, but in the highest degree practical) of distinguishing mortician Jones from grave-digger Jones by referring to one as Jones the Hearse and the other as Jones the Spade.

This, it has to be admitted, does little or nothing for people handicapped from the start by names which would seem to preclude them from certain professions and occupations as surely as, in the bad old times, gone never to return, when disadvantages of birth and wealth could actually preclude a lad from getting his foot on the ladder up which his inferiors in every other respect were climbing to be Comptrollers of the Queen's Horse, Permanent Under-Secretary of the College of Heralds and other positions which, too long, have been the preserve of etc., etc.

Inspiring is the word for the achievement of such men as man the offices of a bookmaker's firm in the environs of Dublin which is called Pinch and Run, Ltd.

It is said that at the outset Pinch was nervous. He put it to Run quite frankly: "Are we going into the right sort of business?"

"And what business," said the equally morose but more realistic Run, "would you propose we enter? Do you suggest we open a bank?"

Those men are successful and respected citizens to-day, and so is an

advertising agent I used to know in Philadelphia called Hocumbe.

In the London Telephone Directory alone there are between ninety-eight and one hundred and three Crooks, all of them esteemed by their fellow-subscribers, some of them—very possibly—taken for granted as naturally successful men whom it would be a pleasure and privilege to ring up and do business with

Yet all of them—from builders and business consultants to spiritualists and suckers—at some time or other in their life story faced a little something a little harder than other men had to face. And they came through.

It so happens—and some think this should constitute a warning to other nations—that there are no Fools in the London telephone book.

But whether this is due to there being no fools in the London area—a view I incline to myself—or to the Fools being such absolute Fools that they never can earn the price of a telephone, or to the circumstance they are at least not such Fools as to want a lot of other Fools ringing them up, has never been scientifically ascertained.



"Sorry. You've failed. That is not just another petrol ad."

A Gentleman in Verona

Y knowledge of Italian is so restricted that when a holiday companion recently mislaid his blue suitcase at Rome Airport it came as a lovely surprise to find a customs official instantly and correctly understanding my loud, vernacular cry: "Where is the azure sack of my friend?"

This year, however, I have hardly needed to speak any Italian at all, as the Italians have very decently begun to learn English. The glum, glazed look of dubiety which used to darken my face like a slow eclipse whenever I confronted the complexities of an Italian menu (Torta, tortino, tortone, tortellini . . .?) is gone for ever. Not a restaurant of any pretensions in Italy but prints a helpful menu in instantly understandable English.

The Albergo Centrale at Piombino, for example, to-day offers the tourist an

easy choice of such succulent piatti della regione as:

Boiled mixture: beeg, ghicken Veal's nut with muschrooms Steek in the Bismarck

and the fish-dishes, for which the hotel is famed, lucidly include:

Boiled Dentex
Roast Gold-fish
Grayling in the cornet
Soles in woman-miller's way
"Fillets" of soles exciting prepared
Mingled fried dish of the Tireno-Sea
Ruffles-fishes in the fisher's way
Sort of crabs on the Spit boiled.

To drink, there is an unusual "Withe Wine"—how many peasant feet, one wonders, have stamped and pressed the withes to extract even a single litre of the distinctive fermented willow-sap?—and if at the end of the meal the diner's appetite is still unsatisfied he can always

By PAUL DEHN

call peremptorily for the "Management

What the new menus do for the British gastronome, the new guide-books do for the British sightseer. I once, on a previous holiday, walked fourteen miles into Verona because I thought that "I rudieri delle più antiche mura lasciano suppore . . ." meant "The rude pictures on the most antique walls lasciviously suppurate." Now I learn from the new English edition of the same guide-book that it means "The ruins of the most ancient walls lead one to suppose . . ." So this year I have not been to Verona at all.

I wish, nevertheless, that the English edition had been published on the occasion of my last visit. How powerfully would my raptures over the Basilica of St. Zeno have been reinforced by the significant information that "the

first news of S. Zeno's Basilica were taken from the diploms of Ludovic the Pius and of Lotarius, where risulted that King Pipin and the Bishop Rotaldus renewed the monastery and the church as to replace there the Saint's bones (840). Gabriele d'Annunzio came often here and retired within himself praying." I remember thinking that, in its heyday, the adjacent Abbey must have covered an area as large as Marylebone Station. "It gave hospitality," No wonder. says the guide-book, "to many German emperors with their trains."

One is gratified to find the guidebook sharing a conviction that the Piazza Erbe is the prettiest marketplace in Europe-"Famous owing to its beauty and caracteristics, the square of the herbs has been peinted by peinters throughout the earth"-but what a shock to the sensibilities to learn that on its pillory "were formally exposed the bandits' heats and during the Winter tricksters and blasphemers were piunged in the stone basin, whereas during the Summer they were fustigated."

The city itself seems to have taken a pretty good fustigating in the course of its own architectural history. Stone Bridge is a Roman works of the imperial epock. During the XI century fell some arcs down, which were rebuilt in wood. In 1228 Alberto della Scala built a tower on top of the bridge which in 1439 collapsed the wooden arcs. In 1520 was renewed the bridge with brickworm by Botto and collapsed in 1945 by the escarping Germans . . . An earth shock destroyed in 1184 the exterieror wall of the world-known Arena, and a lightening esploded 1493 the golden cupola of the Tower of the Lambertis where the bell, Marangona, which the population thinks of fabulous proveniance, was melt."

So, surely, would my heart have been melt by the guide-book's last, lyrical exegesis on Juliet's House. "This is one of a few Verona ouses which still maintain a middle age aspect. Capuleti's very sweet daughter, sung by Shakespeare, was immoratlized by the poet Luigi Da Porto. This dwelling of her and her tomb are called on by numerous visitors. Internally the ouse was rebuilt some lustrums ago and then it was tried to maintain the original style as per its front-side.

"The Tomb is the aim of the wandering for romantic and gentle hearts and in front of the unhippy lover's, Romeo Montecchi's, vault, we meet all with inspiration of very sweet poetry. Couples in love comply there.'

I wish I had known this at the time.

Army Manœuvres

OMEHOW or other a brand new officer, I was released from my O.C.T.U. and proceeded on leave to London. It was a strange feeling to be saluted in Piccadilly Circus. I felt I was in disguise. Couldn't they see? I returned to my old haunts in Soho, cane under my arm, and swilled the old beer and met all my old friends. I had the feeling of being an enormous militarist, a sort of Prussian. Towards the end of my leave I met a girl called Priscilla who seemed attracted by my uniform (or possibly it was me) and she promised to come and see me when I was installed in my first unit.

This unit turned out to be in Aldershot. It was a terrifying place for an embryo officer. The town was bristling with the military, generals bore down on you from all directions, the continuous snap of salutes sounded like cricket balls on a fast wicket, sergeant-majors roared like lions and there was an overwhelming air of disciplined doom.

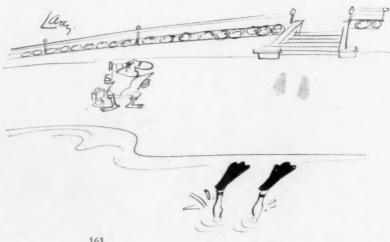
My mess was in a rather refined converted guest house in a sort of genteel suburban road where people kept on serenely cutting privet hedges, playing bridge and staring discreetly through lace curtains, unaffected by the continuous bellow on the parade grounds and the sound of glass breaking in the

By ANTHONY CARSON

public houses. There was a pleasant, huge, tame Adjutant glistening with ribbons, a few ageing colonels, a number of captains, and fellow-lieutenants (with two pips) laughing in unison at the Adjutant's jokes.

After the first shock of meeting my very own sergeant-major, a shock which took some time to get over, because I had had about fifty of them shouting at me all over the Midlands for three years, I picked up the hang of things.

This consisted in putting on the right expression and saying "Carry on, sergeant," or "Carry on, sergeantmajor" (the last said with more enthusiasm). I had an O.C., a secondin-command, and then there was myself. I was Pay Officer, and vaguely in charge of training. As Pay Officer I drove all over the place in a truck, shoving out money over converted kitchen tables and being saluted until I was dizzy. Oddly enough I lost only about fifteen

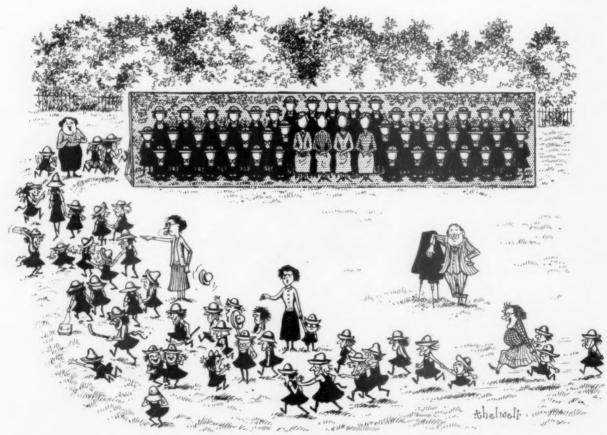


and six the first week. As Training Officer I trotted about behind the sergeant-major, occasionally crying "Pick those feet up" in a nervous voice.

Then suddenly something quite dreadful happened. My O.C. was posted and the second-in-command was struck down with atrocious lumbago. There I was, all alone. "Well, old chap," said my Adjutant, over some rice pudding. "you're O.C. now." Everyone looked at me and laughed, the lieutenants louder than all. I was appalled. I was in charge of about eight hundred men scattered all over Aldershot, and far out into the hills and dales. It was gently explained to me that I was not only acting O.C., but Pay Officer, Welfare Officer, Sports Officer, Training Officer, and Entertainments Officer. I had about six trucks, three motor-cycles, two push-bicycles and the choice of five offices. In actual fact everything went on much the same as before owing to the presence of my sergeant-major and a hand-picked staff. My sergeant-major was one of the old sort, a khaki telegraph post of a man with a Crimean moustache, and he was obviously glad not to have any real officers around. Just the sight of him in the distance was enough to keep all my eight hundred men swimming round in the right direction. When I arrived at my H.Q. in the morning I simply said "Carry on, sergeant-major," jumped into a truck, paid a few hundred people, visited a parade ground and shouted "Pick those feet up," jumped into another truck and got bowled first ball, and then dashed off to listen to some old lag moaning about his nine children with lupus. "See the sergeant-major," I would say, efficiently and sympathetically.

This went on for a week or two until the sergeant-major was suddenly posted as well. "You'll have to be your own sergeant-major," said the Adjutant, and all the lieutenants laughed their heads off. I was given an acting sergeantmajor, a very old sergeant who collected stamps, and all the eight hundred men gave a sigh of relief. Once every week I was visited by a real O.C., the sort of bristling major who shaved by numbers. "Now then, Carson," he would say, "how many charges?" "None at all, sir." "No charges!" he cried. "But you have eight hundred men. There are units here with only two hundred men and they give me at least ten charges a week. You must do better than that, my boy." "But I've only just got started," I said limply, saluting him away to happier, primitive O.Cs.

I sat in one of my five offices, and the staff quietly kept the wheels turning, and I settled down quite cosily. Someone simply slipped into the room and said "Training Officer" or "Welfare Officer" or "Sports Officer" or just "O.C." and I jumped into a truck. It was something to have one's own small army and I began to understand about dictators. Then I remembered Priscilla.



Aldershot is as sexless as a powerstation; there is no music, no perfume, not so much as a bee gets lost in its rectangular soul. Power was not enough, not even for an O.C. like me. I needed beauty, silk and green fields. I rang her up and she said she would come and see me in a few days.

She didn't come the next day, but on the day after, returning from a cricket match (where my men actually booed me), I was met by one of my corporals. His eyes were bulging. "What is it?" I said. "It's what's in your office," he said, panting a little. "It's a blonde bombshell, sir, that's what it is." "A bombshell," I said in amazement. I had forgotten, momentarily, about Priscilla. "Do you mean some kind of woman?" "Yes, sir." It crossed my mind that this was something to do with welfare, and walked in. It was Priscilla. I had never thought of her before as a bombshell, and began trying to view her in this way. The experiment succeeded. There was music, perfume, and I thought I could hear bees on the window sill. "Bombshell," I cried.

I brought her to the mess and presented her to the Adjutant. "Generally speaking," he said, after a pause, "I don't allow ladies in the mess, but we'll make this an exception." went down well, too well, and began flirting with the lieutenants, and at last, after an eternity, I dragged her out into the sunshine. It was a beautiful day and the pavements glistened with heat, the outlines of the terrible houses softened, and birds were singing on the lopped laburnums. We wandered about for quite a time among ordnance depots, and parade grounds, listening to sergeants and the banging of rifle butts, and then stopped and looked at each other. Aldershot faded away like a subtitle, and there were only her eyes. They were a violet colour. We began walking aimlessly until we found a tiny field surrounded by a low hedge. It was like an oasis. We clambered over the hedge, and lay down in the grass and in a few minutes we were nowhere. Nowhere can last a long time, and the Welfare Officer, the Training Officer, the Sports Officer, the Pay Officer, and the O.C. marched over the horizon.

Suddenly I heard a noise like a strangled bark, and looked up. A man was standing over us. He had a huge moustache, a thin nose, red tabs on his



uniform, and a rainbow of medals. I had the feeling I was lying in front of the highest-ranking officer in Aldershot.

"What the hell are you doing?" he barked, pointing at me. "Nothing," I said. Somewhere over the hedge I could hear a sergeant-major shouting "About turn!" "Are you an officer?" cried this man, still pointing. "Yes," I said. "What is your regiment?" "The Clayshires," I said. He asked for other particulars, and I gave them. "What's your function?" he roared. "I'm the Sports Officer," I said.

He stood there for a moment, looking down at me. "By the right, salute!" shouted the sergeant-major. "Get your jacket on at once," shouted the officer, tugging at his moustache. "We're going to see your O.C."

Personal Column

"MEDITERRANEAN trip:
Yachtswoman's berth," it says,
"Available, £6 a week."
And you see yourself conning the ship
Through the steady Ægean blaze,
The envy of dhow and caique,

Over waters lucent with fishes. In fact you will spend your day In the galley, distressingly hot, Trying to cook Greek dishes In a wholesomely English way On one inadequate pot.

Perhaps when the wind is light You may steer, if there's nothing in sight.

PETER DICKINSON



"Do you feel any better since you gave up smoking?"



Spilling the Beans

ROM time to time the columnists of the financial Press make cautious complaints about the published accounts of the great industrial oligopolies.

"The company's prospects (they write) are obviously bright, but the financial side of its diverse interests is difficult to estimate with any accuracy because of the many 'information

gaps' in the published returns."

"More official information about the company's industrial ventures would not come amiss."

"A clearer analysis of the profit figures into earnings from components and subsidiaries would be welcomed by shareholders and would-be investors."

What the writers mean, quite frankly, is that the companies concerned should come clean, put all their cards on the table, and stop behaving like shady Ruritanian diplomats.

Information gaps are common in the returns of companies engaged in a wide range of activities, in the industrial empires that have spread their wings during the last thirty years. The advertisements tell their own story— "Issued by the Plastics Division of Mammoth Foodstuffs Ltd.," "Manufacturers of stoves, playing-cards, sheepdip and cheap tin trays," "Electronic Section, Amalgamated Scent," and so on. The investor in such companies distributes his money over many industries, just as he would by collecting a balanced portfolio of shares, or by letting an investment trust or unit trust do it for him, and the additional security inherent in this wide cover is no doubt very comforting.

But from the economist's angle these empires have certain disadvantages. When they lose on the roundabouts and more than make up on the swings there is a tendency to overlook the shortcomings of the roundabouts division and rejoice in the overall profitability of the organization. And in this way the hard realities of competition—on which the success of capitalism depends—may be ignored or conveniently forgotten. And whenever this happens the nation's

burden of economic inefficiency is of course increased.

In some of these industrial enterprises there is a close link between the various productive units—they may use similar or complementary processes and materials; they may market their wares through the same channels—and when such conditions obtain there is every reason to suppose that managerial know-how will make the most of its opportunities. But very often the activities of the various units are poles apart, and central control lacks the specialized experience and acumen needed to run every department with maximum efficiency.

There are some 10,000 businesses with shares quoted and marketed on the Stock Exchange, but half the total industrial output of the country is dominated by less than a quarter of these companies. And a large and increasing share of this volume of production and trade is controlled by

organizations with wide "miscellaneous" interests.

The small investor is both helped and hindered by the growth of these empires. If he looks for reasonable cover and steady returns the miscellaneous business is a sound proposition. He may find it difficult to gauge the relative merits and profitability of the various components, and he may be asked to sacrifice current dividend in order that weaker branches of the business may be strengthened, but the growth prospects of the investment should in the long run compensate for these disadvantages. If on the other hand our investor feels capable of arranging his own portfolio he may well regard group accounts with some suspicion.

The advertised target of three million investors—double the existing number—will be easier to achieve when company accounts are made clearer and

contain fewer gaps.

Mammon



Bee-Loud Lanes

DURING the Boer War there was a boom in the manufacture of all kinds of carts and wagons. One of the results of that boom can still be seen standing along West Country lanes and hedges. The farmers, having got a good price for an odd elm or two, either planted more trees out or allowed existing saplings to grow up in the hedge. They knew that so long as carts were made, the elm would be needed for the hub of the wheel.

During the last war there was a boom in bee-keeping. People kept bees who loathed honey. Hives dotted the landscape; bees were kept in barrels, soap boxes and upturned bins. When the insects swarmed in May or June, quarrels broke out in the village because every bee-keeper claimed the swarm. But no one really wanted the bees. In those days when the U-boats were sinking

our shipping, if you wanted to have a little sugar in your tea you had to take steps to acquire a whole sack of it. This was done by applying for sugar for feeding the wretched bees during the winter. If I remember, each hive was allocated one hundredweight. I don't suppose an ounce found its way to many hives. But free from human interference these bees thrived and bred prodigiously. After rationing was withdrawn nobody bothered to collect the swarms. The bees were left to go wild and consequently returned to their natural habitat -hollow elms in the hedge. In this way, the excesses of two wars have now come together with the odd results that Devon lanes this year are literally dripping with wild honey, oozing from these decrepit trees. I saw one elm cut down last week that yielded over 200 lb. on

Which reminds me-can anybody tell me where I can acquire some Californian bees? They are not insects but a kind of yeast which look like blobs of tapioca. You place them in a jar of water and they immediately begin to fall to the bottom, then instantly rise to the top, and continue to do so, so long as it is light. Apparently these "bees" absorb oxygen from the air, turn it into sugar and release it into the water, which when changed after a fortnight is found to contain a surprisingly high alcoholic content. I had a jar in my nursery as a child and found the wine a good stimulant for my imagination. In those days it was easy to keep a nanny.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICEThey Gotta Horse!

The Craft of Letters in England. Edited by John Lehmann. Cresset Press, 21/-

I the occasion of the P.E.N. Congress in London Mr. Lehmann and twelve essayists have surveyed the state of Literature during the past twenty-five years, with the accent falling on the post-war scene. At least, that is what Mr. Lehmann says they have done, and he should know. However, several contributors give the impression of predicting rather than surveying. They go back into the past simply to get a longer run for their jump into the future. They are agog to know what is going to be fashionable next: some of them are probably thinking of writing it. Novelists and poets are mentioned not because they have written good novels or poems but because they are likely influences on the next decade.

Many writers, as they age, improve more than they experiment. They have made their contribution to the literary history of their successors by the time they are thirty-five, and therefore they seem uninteresting to the kind of critic who is more interested in what will be than in what is. For example, fortyeight poets are named in this symposium. Among those absent are Walter de la Mare, Roy Campbell, Edmund Blunden, Andrew Young and Alfred Noyes. There is no way of telling whether they were omitted because their poems were not good enough or because they stemmed from pre-Eliot stock or some for one reason and some for the other. If this book had appeared in 1906 instead of 1956 would it have included Yeats? In 1870 would it have included Dickens? Take it back farther. quarter of a century's writing? Right: 1660 to 1685. This includes Milton as well as Dryden, Bunyan as well as Sprat, Walton as well as Pepys, Butler as well as Otway. Surely "to cover the field with anything approaching adequacy,'

in the editor's phrase, you would have to include them all, and if you were forced to drop anybody it would be Sprat; but it was Sprat who, with Dryden, was the best pointer to what the Augustan Age was going to be like.

Part of the trouble comes from the heresy, which began with the Art historians, that there is always a Movement and that only work done in attraction to, or repulsion from, the



Movement will last. The tone of the Swift circle about Defoe or, in a much more gentlemanly and assured way, the tone of Trollope in his Autobiography when turning from Thackeray, the highbrow hero, to be polite about commercial fiction as represented by Dickens is understandable in writers but censurable in critics. It is of course arguable enough that Swift was a bigger man than Defoe and even that Thackeray was a bigger man than Dickens. It is certainly not arguable that the minor members of the Swift circle were worth more attention than Defoe.

I am not suggesting that this is not a fair and honest symposium. A volume in which L. D. Lerner in *The New*

Criticism is calling Dr. Leavis brilliant while Paul Bloomfield in The Bloomsbury Tradition in English Literary Criticism is calling Aldous Huxley the greatest living English Man of Letters and praising Sir Harold Nicolson and Raymond Mortimer is no clique product. It is sensible, on the whole, and very readable. Some of the contributors, J. I. M. Stewart on Biography and Alan Pryce-Jones on The Personal Story, not only generalize cheerfully but base their generalizations on books they have read and admired. foreigner will find them useful and not worry about whether gaiety is a sign of superficiality. If he does, let him brood on Maitland.) T. C. Worsley uses his space for an argument urging literature and the drama to mutual rediscovery. C. V. Wedgwood is good on general changes in historical writing but her coverage is patchy: she almost ignores Ancient and Contemporary History, and even if Fisher's History of Europe was the end rather than the beginning of a line, its influence on the historical ideas of the intelligent non-historian should have earned it a place.

Francis Wyndham in Twenty-five Years of the Novel tries to be as historical as Maurice Cranston on The Literature of Ideas, one of the best things in the book, but he increasingly shows a fear that in ten years his essay may be judged by its prophecies. How Erik de Mauny's The Progress of Translation gains by having the Future necessarily excluded from it. The more speculative articles, Philip Toynbee's Experiment and the Future of the Novel, Roy Fuller's Poetry: Tradition and Belief and G. S. Fraser's The Poet and His Medium, suffer by seeming detached from actual The future, like the past, writing. seems to be all trend and nothing to read. Surely, if it is true that one makes poetry with words, it is true that one makes literature with books. If not, of course, it is reasonable enough to omit de la Mare: there is not much kudos in calling him either under- or over-rated. Much better make a non-committal mention of Christopher Logue or Richard Murphy or Alfred Alvarez. One never knows.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Night-Comers. Eric Ambler. Heinemann, 13/6

In the imaginary Indonesian republic of Sunda, civil war impends between President Nasjah's corrupt cratic" Government and the Islamic insurgent army, led by the fanatical idealist General Sanusi. The English narrator and his Eurasian temporary mistress, enjoying a transient affair in a borrowed flat above the radio-station, find themselves in double jeopardy when the building is seized by the rebels during an attempted coup d'état on the capital, and later besieged by counter-attacking This Government forces. central situation, an excellent basis for a longshort story or TV play, inevitably loses tension when stretched to novel-length: the leisurely build-up includes a tenpage précis of Sundanese politics.

The double-agent Major Suparto, efficient by contrast with Sanusi's staff, would not last long against Colonel Haki; the complaisant Rosalie comes alive only when galvanized by the fear of death: nor, on the descriptive, documentary plane, do the combat-sequences compare with those in Greene or Malraux. As in *The Schirmer Inheritance*, Mr. Ambler remains standing with reluctant feet where the straight novel and the thriller meet.

Gardener to Queen Anne. David Green. Oxford University Press, 70/-

This royal gardener was Henry Wise (1653-1738), who built up what must have been the earliest nurseryman's business in the country and created a new style of formal gardening deriving both from Le Nôtre and Mollet. To-day few traces of his grandest designs have survived changes of fashion and labour shortages, though at Longleat two of his fountains have recently been restored to the sites he designed for them. Henry Wise was a man of good character much respected by John Evelyn, and his business relations with his employers were usually excellent; but what was good enough for Queen Anne notoriously would not do for Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and he finally withdrew from Blenheim in the sordid backwash of financial recrimination. The kitchen garden there is still a monument to the charm of his designs.

Wise at his death left about £100,000 to his family, an enormous fortune for that date and for a man who had come from parents ruined in the interregnum. Mr. David Green has at times allowed his book to become a little overgrown, but it is itself a monument to a time when there were many hands to make light work, and green fingers were more valuable than sodium chlorate.

The Last of the Wine. Mary Renault. Longmans, 16/-

There might seem to be little room for yet another novel set in fifth-century Athens; but there must always be a welcome for fine work. Mary Renault has thought herself into the Athenian mind as it was during the two brief generations which to posterity sum up the whole of classical Greece. She shows, with a forceful insight that will open the eyes even of the learned, how very difficult it was to be a good Athenian. Her hero is free to follow the argument of Socrates wherever it may lead, free to court and be courted in the crowd of his male contemporaries. But he must treat with Chinese deference the father on whom he is financially dependent, and it is unthinkable that he should have any dealings with a respectable woman, save for the bride who comes to him a stranger.

This evocative description, which is also an exciting tale of adventure, deserves to be remembered as the outstanding historical novel of the year. A. L. D.

A Male Child. Paul Scott. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15/-

Mr. Scott is a very talented novelist and this is a very intelligent and wellmade novel. No summary would do justice to its elaborate plan. It is packed with material, pictorial and psychological and social; there are more characters and more themes than in the average contemporary novel and this makes one suddenly realize how thin the substance of even good modern novels has become. And yet in the last third the plan obstinately remains merely a plan. The obstinately remains merely a plan. complexity is that of chess rather than that of nature; the development from the earlier chapters does not seem organic. Nothing is admitted that is not primary and significant and this lack of the rough irrelevancies of life may explain the lack of distinctive texture. Mr. Scott has a mind of his own and there is nothing cliché-ridden in his thinking; but he has not a voice of his own, so that the world we enter in the novel is neither quite his nor quite ours. R. G. G. P.

AT THE PLAY

| Caesar and Cleopatra (OLD VIC)
| Twelfth Night (OPEN AIR)

FAREWELL, and do not presume to applaud me," says the god Ra at the end of the immensely long prologue to Cæsar and Cleopatra. The audience applauded like mad. Did Shaw really hope to suppress this distraction, just as his play was about to begin? Certainly. His failure marks his excessive self-confidence as an audience-dominator; in the same way, earlier in the two-thousand-word speech, he expects his actor to ask "Are ye impatient with me?" without inviting the audience's silent but unanimous "Yes." And there are more longueurs later when horse-play with sentries, or too easy epigrams, have to



"Oh, you mustn't believe everything you see in the papers!"

masquerade as theatre because Shaw thought they were.

This production by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company, fresh from critical approbation at the Paris Festival, fails to overcome the play's difficulties, which may be blamed to some degree on the author. But it fails to exploit all its potentialities, too—and even this may be partly Shaw's fault. When a playwright's tongue is in his cheek it is hard for a producer to decide how much of the bulge to show, and though Douglas Seale succeeds well with his physical presentation the transitions of mood are unclear; when talk becomes action we are not carried over the bridge; we never really believe in the Roman legions offstage, or the practicability of Cæsar's hinted military strategies. For some of this dimness of outline Geoffrey Bayldon's over-softening of Cæsar must be held responsible. This may be the man needed for the events and arguments of the play, but it is necessary to show, between the lines, that it is also the man of unerring generalship, a man ruling the

In the main the performances are better than any repertory company— even Sir Barry Jackson's—should be Britannus can't fail, expected to give. Britannus can't fail, and doesn't. The Rufio of Ronald and doesn't. Hines is bluff and rounded; we can imagine him in battle as we can never imagine Cæsar. Kenneth Mackintosh's prologue is delivered nobly. the Cleopatra of Doreen Aris, about which older and wiser critics have seen fit to be lukewarm and worse, is a characterization of astute perception, presenting with great technical command (and splendid audibility) a sensuous little tigress, velvet and claws by turns, which might strike others as the only really good single reason for going to see the

After ten more days in Regent's Park the Open Air Theatre company leaves for Lebanon at (as a programme note grandly says) "the express wish of the President." This may give Lebanese critics a chance to answer a question which baffles their British colleagues every summer: how much of the Open Air Theatre's charm comes from its being a theatre in the open air-and in the middle of London? No one can deny that an evening there is a delight, but is it purely theatrical delight? Are we so readily captivated by the idea of Shakespeare on real grass against a backcloth of real trees (though the ladies' quartet lurks behind tubbed shrubs) that we indulge deficiencies of presentation and performance? In the Lebanon, where the climate will in every sense be different, an unbiased assessment will be easier.

Until then, Twelfth Night remains chiefly as a robustly trundled vehicle for Robert Atkins's Sir Toby, which makes the evening as surely as Mr. Atkins has made this theatre. Some of the courtiers may fidget when they should be still; Aguecheek may hit his falsetto notes until the loud-speakers ring; Viola (otherwise intelligent and appealing in Patricia Kneale's hands) may bow like a Heidelberg duellist instead of making a graceful leg. But Sir Toby Atkins rolls over all with relaxed, booming grandeur, a great, twinkling, baby-innocent rogue, tremendous in gesture and rich in interpretation, dazzling with a technique glossy from a lifetime's polishing.

Recommended (Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

For amusement, For Amusement Only, a revue with fewer worn patches than most (Apollo—13/6/56), for sustained drama, The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial (Hippodrome—20/6/56); for Alec Guinness in French farce, Hotel Paradiso

(Winter Garden—9/5/56). J. B. BOOTHROYD

R

IN THE COURTS At the Local

AGISTRATES' Courts are seldom quite as interesting as they ought to be. There is nothing much duller than a list of minor motoring offences. The human waifs who stimulate the ready pens of descriptive writers commit silly little crimes and get caught and punished and then commit more silly little crimes. Drunks with hangovers, prostitutes paying their nominal fines as though they were rates, and absentee openers of carriage doors before trains have stopped are really much less enthralling than a good chunk of law, even though the layman can understand barely half of what is going The sad cases are generally all sad in the same way. Pity may lead to a desire to change the world; it does not lead to a desire to go on sitting on a hard Magistrates' Courts, then, are for the dipper, the optimistic, who hopes that suddenly the drab will turn into the

The care of the audience varies wildly from court to court. At Marlborough Street, standing tightly packed at the back, the public feel more like criminals waiting their turn than the taxpayers whose money is keeping the court going and for whose protection and convenience the court exists. Some time ago I was standing next to a member of the audience who, probably from ignorance, had kept his hat on. The usher rushed up to the barrier and snarled at him, "Take yer tiffer orf." Local courts are usually better, providing seats at the back, or even a public gallery.

At Bow Street I heard Mr. Blundell committing a couple of market porters for trial after an affray in which a coloured man had been stabbed. He belongs to the younger type of Metropolitan magistrate, nearer to a headmaster than to either a local preacher or a rasping Army officer. When he had to tick the audience off for laughing at a witness he suddenly seemed to be clad in an invisible gown. He was grave, efficient, courteous. He leaned forward to keep the case moving along. evidence of the chief prosecution witness was exuberant. The white girl who had been with him in the pub bravely gave evidence, her little world invaded by the terrors of the law. Though the defence was reserved, there was elaborate evidence of inquiries and arrest and charging. How on earth do the police ever get through their work when they spend so much of their time simply hanging about courts, waiting to give formal evidence? The personality of the man alleged to have been stabbed gave vitality to the case, complicated it, sent the mind racing into questions of relations between coloured and white workers; but it was not a representative morning at Bow Street

Hove Magistrates' Court has a gallery with a very good rake. The centre of the court is filled with an elaborate wooden construction, something between a maze and a horse-box. The room is high and above the bench is what looks like an incipient, or vestigial, drop-curtain. The morning I was in the audience the chairman was a member of an old legal family and looked completely at home on the bench while still looking like a solicitor, perhaps a rather more successful solicitor than those facing him. He sat with a business-like looking man from the Co-op and a wonderfully smart, R.A.F. impassive, enamelled-looking officer's wife.

The principal case was an odd one. Two youngsters, a boy and a girl, had bashed their landlady and then, instead of robbing her as planned, had run away and been picked up in a coffee-bar. They had both confessed and were sent for trial, where they were later sentenced to imprisonment. The vagueness of the plan, the incredulous looks they threw at each other at some points of the



Malvolio-ALAN JUDD

Sir Toby Belch-ROBERT ATKINS

evidence, the atmosphere of thin muddle and misery that seemed to have no external cause was not, as it should have been, moving; but it was surprising. One was kept agog to know what new worm's eye view would be revealed next.

During an adjournment we were given seats in the orchestra stalls and the account of the skull bashing proceeded with the bashers just above us. interesting contrast with Bow Street, and still more with Marlborough Street (at least as it used to be) was that evidence was typed during delivery instead of being laboriously written in long-hand. The clerk took more care than any clerk I have heard to make certain that every nuance of evidence was correctly recorded. I had intended to devote a paragraph to our local court but, as my wife is one of the permanent company, perhaps the performances had better go without report or review. At least they do give the audience a seat.

R. G. G. PRICE



AT THE PICTURES

The Searchers The Proud Ones

THE popular appeal, and the strength as a story, of a prolonged, difficult, determined and eventually successful search have always been well understood. The temptation to use the word "sprawling" about *The Searchers* (Director: John Ford) is considerable: it is not so much a straightforward film of what must have been a long and (very likely) sprawling novel by Alan LeMay as a most elaborate and various set of illustrations to it; nevertheless the strength and simplicity of that basic narrative idea hold it together and make it grip as a whole as well as in detail.

It is in the category of what may be called the high-class period Western. Of course all true Westerns these days are period, even the most conventional herov.-villain ones; but here the period is taken seriously and is not a mere matter of putting all the women in long skirts and weeding out shots that happen to have caught an aircraft's vapour-trail in one corner of the deep blue sky. Nearly every foot of it is enlivened and made interesting with some detail of living, everyday in the nineteenth century, that now strikes us with the force of entertaining quaintness.

The story opens in Texas in 1868, when the central character, Ethan, still in his "Johnny Reb" uniform coat, comes home for the first time since the Civil War to the ranch where his brother has a wife and family. We have hardly met this family when all the older members of it are massacred by Indians, the two girls, one still a child, being carried off. So the search for them begins.

It lasts for years, and one weakness of the film is that the passage of time has to be so briefly, sometimes hardly



The Searchers

Ethan Edwards-JOHN WAYNE

noticeably suggested. As a fresh episode begins people are found saying casually that they last met, or that a letter arrived "just about this time a year ago"; and similar devices are used that I'm sure might sometimes be completely missed by a moviegoer momentarily distracted by (for instance) dropping his hat.

For a time this narrative difficulty is solved by a fairly lengthy passage in which a girl reads a letter from one of the searchers: the incidents mentioned in it, many months or even years apart, are shown in flashback as she comes to them. And the episodes themselves are very well handled. The characters make no great demands on the players: John Wayne as Ethan is very much the same sort of laconic hard-bitten Westerner as he has often been before, and the other people mostly seem individual only because the writer has given them picturesque oddities of speech and behaviour.

But the film is very well worth seeing. The magnificent spectacular scenery of Texas and New Mexico makes much of it obviously impressive for the eye, but there are excellent and beautiful visual effects on every scale (VistaVision Technicolor photography: Winton C. Hoch).

The only other film press-shown this time was also a Western, though of a more conventional kind; and by coincidence, both have Jeffrey Hunter in the same sort of half-hostile relationship with the central character. In The Searchers Mr. Hunter is the adopted son of the

murdered family, "one-eighth Cherokee," who takes most of the film to overcome Ethan's hatred of all Indians; in The Proud Ones (Director: Robert D. Webb) the tough hero is Cass (Robert Ryan), the Marshal of Flat Rock, and Mr. Hunter is Thad, a black-browed young man who believes his father was unjustly killed when Cass was Marshal somewhere

Miscellaneous gunplay, some of it fascinating to watch, is quite important in this one: the final point turns on Thad's discovery-by meeting the same situation himself--of how it was that his father had to be killed in the act of using a hidden gun. Yes, the piece is altogether more conventional, and it works up to a good old-fashioned shooting-match in a barn; and yet here too there are excellences of amusing and interesting detail. I quite enjoyed it.

* Survey (Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

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In London, Grisbi or Honour Among Thieves (27/6/56) remains my strongest recommendation. There is a revival of The Gold Rush-still unbeatably funny through all the added facetious musical accompaniment and gently condescending commentary. The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit (1/8/56) and Reach for the Sky (18/7/56) continue.

Not one of the new releases was Three, I think, were reviewed here. press-shown; of these I would temperately recommend one, Away All Boats!about the war in the Pacific.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Spit and Polish

THEN "Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure" it is difficult to refuse. switch on hopefully, remembering the occasions when Miss Grenfell's particular brand of intimate revue has delighted me, when her imitations, impersonations and little charades have seemed gems of sophisticated comedy. But more often than not I am sadly disappointed. Off form, the drawing-room clown is a dreadful bore, and as I see her Miss G. is as temperamental and variable as a village batsman.

I am not—I admit it particularly fond of intimate revue. Ancient material that would be howled down by

experienced patrons of music-hall is presented with a sickening pretence of originality; material that is jaded and empty-headed is sprinkled with topical allusion and passed off as satirical; material that is unquestionably non-U and subtopian masquerades as brilliant, intellectual frolic. The music is tuneless, dissonant and pretentious, the dancing elephantine.

Not always, of course—but far too often. The difference, I suggest, between broad variety and intimate revue is that between the polished professional and the gifted amateur. The pro rubs away at his act, rehearses it, trims it and times it, until it is a work of art; and as a work of art it can be enjoyed many times before the law of diminishing returns becomes operative. The amateur devises an act good in parts, and is satisfied with it; and it makes an acceptable party piece only when it and its audience are



[Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure

ELISABETH WELCH

MOYRA FRASER

JOYCE GRENFELL

In other words I find Miss G. very hard to take in quantity, and almost impossible in repetition. Her character sketches, deliciously funny at first sight, are ruined by double exposure. Her singing voice I find only mildly amusing.

Television is a voracious consumer of comics and their wares. Even the hard-boiled gag-men from the circuits—the Max Wall, Norman Evans brigade—come unstuck when they are asked to repeat their lines too often before the cameras. Intimate revue should remain intimate and very scarce. Miss Grenfell would be more fun if she requested the pleasure of our (well, my) company less often.

The B.B.C.'s television programme "A Question of Science" continues to improve. It is clear that great pains are taken to select questions that have a wide popular appeal and, equally, to devise answers pictorially interesting and useful. There is a vast amount of important

educative work to be done in this field of everyday science, and Channels One and Nine have both shown that the scientists themselves, suitably equipped, make excellent teachers. The latest edition of the programme to come my way dared to tackle the theory of relativity—and made a fair shot at it.

To ensure that each edition achieves a balance of interest I suggest that it should contain material of three kinds—a question dealing with some matter of domestic science (plumbing, electricity, health, etc.), another on theory or scientific prospects (outer space, atomics, and so on), and a third on popular misconceptions. I am glad to know why wheels go backwards at the cinema.

While "The Grove Family" is on holiday "Chez Nous," Telecentre, London, has been let to a domestic comedy team called "Abigail and Roger." The new tenants are bright young things, slick, sophisticated, Mayfairish, and very different from the stodgy old Groves. The really odd thing about them is that in spite of their superior station (Earl's Court, I am tempted to say) they move and think at exactly the speed of the lessors, crack the same jokes, become involved in the same sorry chapter of accidents, and behave with an equal contempt for credibility.

The viewer can only suppose that all writers of British TV serials are tarred with the same brush and paid at rates which make no provision for second thoughts, re-writing, spit and polish. Compared with the best of the American serial comedies—and they are dreary enough—"Abigail and Roger" is third-rate.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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Shell Nature Studies 20 BEES & Wasps

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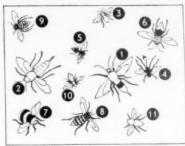


Britain has nearly 80 kinds of wasp and nearly 250 kinds of bee. Few of them sting human beings. The GREAT WOOD HORNTAIL (1) and the BLUE WOOD HORNTAIL (2) use their needles only for inserting eggs in trees. The pretty RUBY-TAILED WASP (3), the SAND WASP of the dunes (4) and the DIGGER WASP (5) do sting but not very often.

These first five are solitary insects. Like the 'marmalade wasps' and the Honey Bee, both the uncommon HORNET (6) and the Bumble Bees, such as the BUFF-TAILED BUMBLE BEE (7), form societies with queen, workers and drones. Hornets have a sting, but seldom,

As for nests, Hornets like to build in hollow trees. The underground nests will belong to the wasps on the marmalade, which will be the COMMON WASP (8, worker; 9, queen) or the similar German Wasp, though the German Wasp may also build above ground. Nests hung low on bushes belong to the Norwegian Wasp, nests higher up on trees to the Tree Wasp. Honey Bees are not wild in Britain, though swarms may escape. Our locally developed hive-race is the brown BRITISH BEE (10, worker; 11, queen).

For scale, the HORNET (6) is about an inch long in nature.



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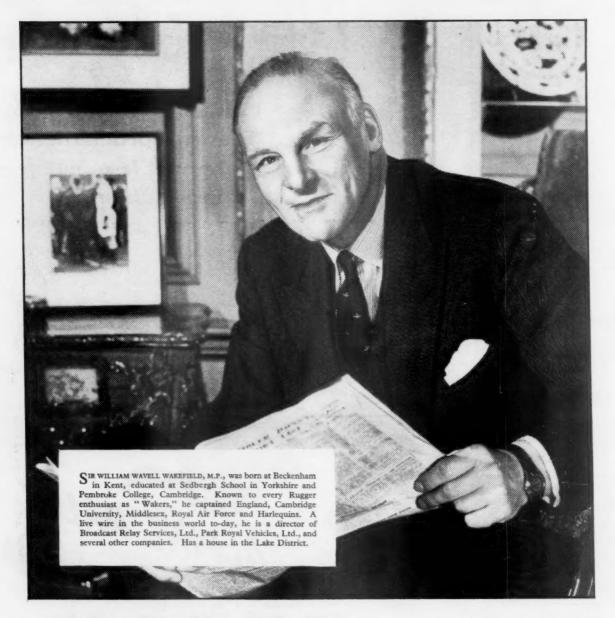
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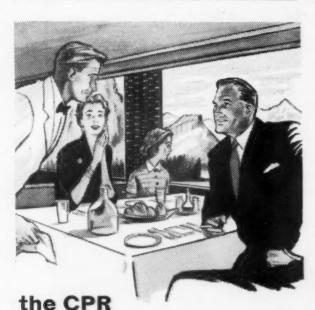
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